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EDITORIAL OPINIONS OF THE LEADING JOURNALS UPON CURRENT TOPICS—COMPILED EVERY DAY FOR THE EVENING TELEGRAPH.

The Republican Party in the South.

Registration under military control has added one more to the hundred proofs of the utter failure of "conservative" prophecies concerning the freedmen of the South. Notwithstanding all demonstrations to the contrary—in spite of the clearest evidence that justice could draw from shins, hair, and enticement, or wisdom drawn from long experience, whip in hand, on cotton plantations—it is now admitted that the negro can fight, will work, and is both capable of receiving education and eager for it. Almost the only predictions of "those who knew the negro best" which have not long since been so thoroughly overthrown by facts as to be ridiculous are the assertions (1) that the mass of the freedmen care nothing about the right of suffrage, and (2) that in exercising that right they will be entirely controlled by their old masters. The war of race, which Mr. Johnson dwelt upon with so much emphasis as certain to result from the admission of negroes to vote, has long been a public jest. Wade Hampton made it absurd in a single day.

There were certainly plausible grounds for believing that the freedmen would be indifferent to the right of suffrage. Never having had the privilege, and having been trained from time immemorial to seek for happiness only in sensual indulgences, to which such a franchise could not contribute, it did not seem unlikely, from that point of view, that they would be indifferent to it. But, on the other hand, those who believed in the natural capacity of the colored race for improvement insisted that they had learned or would rapidly learn the value of political rights, and would not fail to exercise them. The result of the registration thus far in every Southern State has justified the latter view. In every State and, as far as we know, in every county, no matter how secluded from Northern influences, a far larger proportion of their resident colored voters have registered than of whites. In Virginia the colored electors are in a large majority on the roll, although the whites, if all registered, would outnumber them by nearly 40,000. In Louisiana, where the numbers of the two races are nearly equal, the colored voters on the register number twice as many as the whites. The case is much the same in Georgia, Alabama, and, indeed, everywhere. The freedmen have, in every place where they have been properly protected from intimidation, manifested an eagerness to be enrolled for which there is no precedent among white people North or South.

The only prediction that remains to be disproved is, that the freedmen will vote under the dictation of their former masters. It is abundantly proved that this will not be the case in large cities, and the registration of such vast numbers of the plantation negroes, contrary to the well-known wishes of their masters, affords strong evidence that they too will vote independently of local influences. Indeed, no reasonable man who has watched the course of affairs in the South can doubt that almost the entire body of the newly enfranchised race desire to cast their votes for men who are heartily in sympathy with the party and the policy which secured their freedom. The only real danger lies in the want of organization and information among the colored people, which leaves them open to imposition alike from secret enemies and from indiscreet and over-zealous friends.

A serious duty is devolved upon the Republicans of the North. They have the best organization ever known in the political history of this country, abundant wealth, and every facility for conducting political campaigns. They have now an opportunity to extend the same organization over the entire Union, and thus to secure the perpetuity of the nation even more effectually than has been done by war. They cannot with any wisdom or safety leave their Southern allies to carry on the work alone. Where all are inexperienced, the most presumptuous, and therefore the most unfit, are likely to rush to the helm, and guide a movement with which they do not comprehend. There will be distracting quarrels for leadership, in which the power of the majority may be lost. Demagogues will raise false issues by the use of enticing programmes which can never be carried out. The large number of Southern white men who are now coming into the Republican party may be driven out by the jealous and petty leaders anxious for office, and parties be thus divided strictly upon color—a result greatly to be deprecated, and which may, by a little prudence, be entirely avoided.

We do not wish that the course of Southern politics should be absolutely dictated by Northern men; but it is well known that judicious Northerners have the confidence of all in the South who are disposed to act with the Republican party, and can reconcile conflicting interests more completely than any Southern man can do. A striking example of this presence of a few gentlemen from the North resulted in healing a bitter feud in the party, and in starting a movement which is now spreading over the whole State, promising to bring within the Republican ranks almost every man who was sincerely for the Union before the late war.

The aid which the North can and ought to give will consist in giving money to defray necessary political expenses, in sending out public speakers, who should be men to interest large audiences, and of moderate language, free from passion and revengeful feelings, in supplying sound advice who can harmonize internal difficulties, and suggest plans of organization, and in distributing political tracts or papers, which should be simple enough for children to read to their parents, short, plain, and to the point. Congressional speeches are not of much value for this purpose. They are calculated for Northern latitudes. Their tone is not often likely to attract Southern whites, and they are not simple enough for the colored people, who depend almost entirely upon their children for reading matter.

We are glad to see that Massachusetts has taken hold of this duty in earnest, and that an association has been organized under the presidency of Mr. George C. Richardson for this purpose. The names of the officers are all good, but we notice with special pleasure the names of Messrs. Andrew, Atkinson, Dana, and Loring, whose abilities and discretion assure us that the work will be conducted under the best auspices. We need not urge such men to see to it that nothing is done to excite the freedmen to feelings of revenge, or with delusive hopes of direct benefits from Government, while we are equally confident that they will seek to arouse the allies of the Republican party over all the South to a sense of the im-

portance of the coming elections, and to give them an organization which will bring out their full strength and attract additions to their number. Similar associations might well be formed in every large State, or, which would perhaps be better, the Massachusetts association might nationalise itself, and give to all who co-operate in the movement the benefit of the wisdom and efficiency which we are persuaded will characterize the parent society.

"On to Mexico!"

The ever-singing and gurgling bird of our country, whose beak—according to the best authorities—sips the tepid waters of the Gulf, while his venerable tail flaps against the North Pole, begins to show impatience. He would perch upon the tops of Chimborazo. He would proudly rest upon the Cordilleras. He would make his eyrie in the Halls of the Montezumas. Maximilian is in his grave—the merciful Juarez is supreme. For six days there has not been a revolution, unless we call Santa Anna one. This venerable old pretender hobbles about Campechy claiming to be the messenger of our bird—the agent of Mr. Seward in the work of territorial extension. He is a venerable falsifier. Santa Anna is, of course, a man after Mr. Seward's own heart, and nothing is impossible in our diplomacy after the exploits of McCracken and McMillan, Otterberg or Campbell. But Mr. Seward has his own Santa Anna, and we believe him. The bird is on the wing to Mexico, but Santa Anna is not the falconer.

It matters little who is. The bird is on the wing. We are going to Mexico. There is something so enthusiastic in the prospect that for once we forego all notions of economy and peace, and join in the cry "On to Mexico!" We are not among the "Maximilian Avengers." We demand Mexico upon higher grounds. There is everything about that country to enchant us. We shall be away from the baleful influence of New England. There are no schools to teach the children radical notions. There are inspiring associations. There the chivalrous Cortes planted the cross, and the patient Montezuma slept upon his bed of roses. There are no vulgar laws of property. If creditors press, the honest yeoman has merely to ride down, the road and stop the first diligence. If the taxes are not paid, the rulers have only to send a sergeant's guard to the leading merchants and say that the money must be produced. This plan is so simple and effective that we marvel our Common Council have not tried it. Mr. Justice Barnard's mandamins is nothing to be compared with it. If American liberty is anarchy plus a constable, Mexican liberty is anarchy plus a sergeant's guard. Mexico has shown us how to suppress a rebellion, and so we say, "On to Mexico!"

We have long been spoiling for an adventure—a genuine old-fashioned enterprise. Now we have one. We shall have the good times of Lopez and William Walker. While on the way we may pick up Cuba and the West India Islands. Jamaica would be a very jewel in our crown. In Jamaica a rebellion was suppressed even more beautifully than it would have been by Major-General Jack Logan, and in saying this we feel that the force of language can go no further. There is Hayti—with its semi-monthly revolutions—and the Central American States, where the fevers breed, and the beautiful snakes in green and gold caper over the fertile haciendas, and welcome the hardy pioneer. We want land so badly. We want a chance to spend our money, and increase our national debt. We want a chance to kill somebody. Our illustrious bird is so cribbed that he cannot flap his wings. In our narrow domains he is scarcely more than a menagerie bald-head or a domestic hen. We want a chance for our young men to gain glory. Mr. Wilkes, with his prize-fighters and rumsellers, has been promising us a revolution at home, but it doesn't come. Mr. Wilkes riding down Broadway, accompanied by Judge Cardozo and the Benicia Boy, followed by his army of rumsellers, the streets lined with an admiring crowd of children whose fathers are in the almshouse and State Prison, of wives who are weeping in widows, of mothers whose sons come roaring nightly to their happy homes might comfort us—but he don't fight, and for a fight we are in despair. Let such trifling cease. Let us "On to Mexico!"

We have spoken of the snakes, and the fevers, and the great amount of land. These are trivial attractions. Think of the glory! We believe glory is cheaper to-day in Mexico than in any other country, except Abyssinia. Think of the peerless fame of Juan Jose Baz, whose troops, at last accounts, were steadily driving the small army of nuns. Think of the matchless valor of Escobedo, who has revolutionized modern warfare, and put our own Grant in the shade, by showing that it is far easier to buy a city than to take it. We wonder that the reasons of thanks have not been introduced into Congress. Think of the opportunities of dying a soldier's death. It is safe to say that there are more chances of a man's meeting a glorious doom in Mexico to-day than in any other part of the world. If he is captured or purchased by Escobedo, he is certain to be shot. If he is triumphant, he will, in time, be assassinated or executed by his rival. With revolutions once a week, he has fifty-two chances a year of falling before a sergeant's guard, and leaving an immortal name. America affords no such chance. The Whisky Rebellion and the Indian war are all that is left us. The leaders of the one cannot, the leaders of the other will not, fight. Labor is in pass, and laborers, and unsteady in basis. Nothing remains but Mexico. Let us fall into line and march to the Halls of the Montezumas!

The Indian War—The Way the Money Goes.

Mr. Henderson informed us recently in the Senate that our Indian war was now costing about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars per day, and that if it lasts all summer it will probably cost one hundred million dollars. We can go into a little surer calculation than that of Mr. Henderson. There are now eleven prominent tribes in open hostility to the Government. These number seventy-eight thousand among whom there are about sixteen thousand warriors, none of whom have graduated at either a Government or private military institute. They occupy the whole vast centre of North America, and range from Mexico to the British American possessions. There was once a State called Florida, which contained Mr. Bowlegs and five hundred redskins. Three sides of the little peninsula were surrounded by water. It cost the United States forty millions of dollars to drive Mr. Bowlegs from his farm. The problem, then, is, if it cost forty millions to drive Mr. Bowlegs and five hundred men out of a corner by United States tactics, what will it cost to drive sixteen thousand devils into a corner by the same tactics? Obviously far more than the proportion indicates, which is one thousand two hundred and eighty million dollars—a small amount, which, in the present reckless-

ness of Congress in disposing of the public funds, is of little moment; and, the Indians once cornered, we can have the pleasure of whipping them out again at the same price. Lively work for the regular army; and we doubt if, with the magnitude of the job, General Sherman will be able to make his pilgrimage to Mecca this year.

Troops, Indian agents, the War Department pulling against the Indian Bureau, contractors, and twelve hundred and eighty million dollars, are the necessities for an Indian turmoil. Give General Sherman the management of all these elements, and he will soon destroy Indian prestige, and cause them to respect the troops under his command—money enough, that is all that is required—money!

Indian tactics against the regular army! What impudence! These calico-clad, muffled, light-armed, enduring sons of the forest daring to make war on us! Mounted, too, as they are, on hardy little horses, which can march sixty miles per day for days together! The boldness of these miserable savages in throwing down the gauntlet to modern troops, armed with heavy Springfield muskets, carrying on their shoulders enormous knapsacks, well filled with everything that civilization can give to make a soldier contented! The cavalry carrying a heavy man, a weighty saddle, and all that at the end of an eighteen mile march can make a horse weary; and all these things, with their home comforts for man and beast! All this in command of our brass-decorated gentlemen, who have been well educated by the nation in whatever can make the system of modern warfare a terror to the savage. Indian tactics against this! It is absurd. Let us support the efforts of General Sherman, who is destined to win new laurels on the great Indian plains. Give him money and men; these are all that he requires; he will soon finish with the Indian pest.

There is a certain idea existing that those Territories and States that are on our Indian border can raise troops of a peculiar class, who are fitted to fight Indians after the Indian fashion. Several of the Governors of those districts have made application for the privilege of raising volunteer forces, which they foolishly believe can close up the Indian troubles. They, full of false arguments, are bold enough to say that men who have wrongs to avenge, and who are willing to fight as Indians fight, are better capable of entering upon and carrying forward an effective campaign than the regular troops that represent the dignity of the nation! A proper rebuke has already been given to them by incorporating the volunteer force of frontiersmen into the regular force, and placing regular officers over them to direct their crude movements. There is no doubt that General Sherman has done well in this case, and will thus ally many of the passions which might arise were any such desultory body to show itself capable of fighting Indians as some people think they should be fought. Let us, by all means, support General Sherman; he will carry on our Indian war as it should be carried on; his swift troopers will soon restore peace on the Plains. All that is required is money; that will bring everything in its train, and we shall make as glorious an exit from the Indian war as we have made from the war of the Rebellion.

The Democratic Party—Its Issues and From the Times.

The Democratic journals protest that the party they serve is not dead. They predict not only its continued existence, but its return to power. And in corroboration of their statements they point to the numerical strength of the Democratic minorities in New York and other States which at present have Republican Governments.

Now, it is quite true that in respect of the numbers that sustain its candidates, the Democratic party is still a powerful organization. It were idle to deny the force of a party which in more than one State came near success, and which in many wages a vigorous, though, for the time, a hopeless fight. The mere vitality of a party, however, is not an assurance of ultimate victory, nor is the cohesive quality of a strong minority a reason for believing that it will soon grow into the majority. For growing power implies an active sympathy with public opinion—an appreciation of the tendencies of contemporary thought, and an inability to adapt itself to these as to the sources of coming victory. It is because the Democratic party lacks these characteristics that, with all its numbers, it may still be described as a dead party—a party identified with lifeless issues, rallying for battle under the cry of a bygone era, and persistently ignoring events which have changed the whole aspect of our national life.

The platforms adopted by the various Conventions of the Democracy are the platforms of a party which has no claim upon the future. All its sympathies, all its affiliations, all its pretensions are connected with the past. Its only hope is that the country will discard the war and its lessons, blot out of history the trials and triumphs of the last six years, and go back to the questions of the Breckinridge and Douglas campaign. The Constitution is indeed the subject of much resolving on these occasions. Take it at its own valuation, and the Democracy might be considered the party of the Constitution, if the frequent use of the word were the only criterion of attachment. A little examination destroys the illusion, and reveals the fact that the Constitution by which the Democratic Conventionists swear is the Constitution according to Taney. Slavery, Dred Scott decisions, and States rights, as Calhoun expounded them, are essential features of Democratic constitutionalism. The war, in the opinion of the same party, was unconstitutional from beginning to end.

The means by which the war was carried to a successful termination were in Democratic eyes grossly unconstitutional. When, therefore, successive Conventions profess to make the Constitution their anchor, and at the same time exclude from view the achievements and consequences of the war, it is not unfair to assume that the party concerned is indifferent to the great interests for which Union men have contended, and that the "Constitution" is a cry used to conceal hostility to the only conditions on which the peace and prosperity of the Union may be restored. The inference is rendered yet more reasonable and just by the pertinacity with which the Democratic party oppose and assail all measures of reconstruction, imposing conditions by way of guaranteeing the supremacy of the Union sentiment. The party which pretends to champion the Constitution while they bring about the Southern States just as they were, with Rebels rampant and the freedmen at the mercy of a cruel and arrogant class.

The leading orators of the party do not even pretend to accept as settled the lessons and results of the war. Mr. Pendleton, a former nominee for the Vice-Presidency, in his recent speech at St. Paul, makes no attempt to conceal a purpose to disturb and, if possible, reverse the work of Congress in the matter of reconstruction. As he states the case, the war

has finally disposed of nothing, finally settled nothing. In his view, what has been done is but temporary. The mission of the Democracy, as Mr. Pendleton puts it, is to undo the work of the Union party, and restore to the former Rebel elements of the South the control of which it has been divested. He distinctly declares that his party will not recognize the validity of measures carried, while Southern Senators and Representatives are excluded from Congress, but will struggle to restore the Union as it was before the war. If his words have any meaning, they are an intimation to Southern Rebels and malcontents that the Northern Democratic organization is on their side, and will help them when it can. In some respects, then, Mr. Pendleton is worse than Vallandigham. The latter is engaged in a vain effort to prove that he is not so black as he has been painted, while Mr. Pendleton deliberately preaches rank Copperheadism as the everlasting gospel of the Democratic party.

Nor does he preach to unwilling hearers. It might be supposed that the State of Minnesota, whose every artery is filled with youthful blood, and whose glory lies hidden in the future, would cherish little liking for a creed composed altogether of idle reminiscences of the past. Even Democracy might be expected to realize the buoyancy of the climate and to aspire to life and usefulness. It is not so, however. The rotten plank, which serve the party in the East and made to do service in the far-off West. Mr. Pendleton's apologies for disloyalty and disunion are cheered to the echo. And a nameless sheet which promulgated the filthiest Copperheadism during the war, and to this day exists in the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, is accepted and circulated as a campaign document.

Can a party which thus proclaims its ineradicable hostility to the cherished purposes of all Union men have any prospect of regaining power? Can a party which deliberately plants itself on the side of the enemies of the Union, denounces guarantees which have been exacted for its safety, and pledges itself to dispute the binding efficacy of what has been achieved—can such a party hope for the success which is contingent upon the acquisition of support from Republican ranks? On the contrary, it is not morally certain that a party whose sole capital is derived from the extinguished issues must gradually be shorn of the strength it possesses?

Even in the simplest matters the blind obstinacy of the party management is apparent. The State Convention in session at Albany affords an illustration. The suffrage question comes up there for revision and adjustment. In view of the fact that impartial suffrage is now to all intents and purposes a national principle, adopted by the South under duress, and made a condition of territorial admission to the privileges of Statehood, there would seem to be no reason for delaying its application in New York. So far as the South is concerned, not only impartial but universal suffrage is an accomplished fact, with no likelihood of reversal. Its extension to this State involves no disturbance of the voting forces, and no concession that should not follow the acknowledgment of the civil equality of the races. But the Democratic delegates cling to their old prejudices, and insist that New York shall withhold what Virginia and South Carolina are about to grant. Universal suffrage for whites, a property qualification for blacks, is the sum of the philosophy to which the New York Democrats have attained. They give no sign of progress—no token of emancipation from the prejudices of days before the war. A party which, in small things and great, is incapable of comprehending the teachings of the time, or of rising above the low level of the past, can have no lasting hold upon the country. Its issues are as dull as the rattle of dead men's bones, and its chances in the future are worse than those of to-day.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING RAILROAD COMPANY—OFFICE, No. 227 S. FOURTH STREET. PHILADELPHIA, June 26, 1867. DIVIDEND NOTICE. The Transfer Books of the Company will be closed on SATURDAY, the 6th of July next, and be reopened on MONDAY, the 9th of July next. A DIVIDEND OF FIVE PER CENT. has been declared on the Preferred and Common Stock clear of National and State Taxes, payable in cash on and after the 10th of July next to the holders thereof, as they are now registered on the books of the Company on the 6th instant. All holders of Dividends must be witnessed and stamped. S. BRADFORD, Treasurer.

OFFICE OF THE WEST PHILADELPHIA PASS-ENGINE RAILROAD COMPANY, northwest corner of FORTY-FIRST and HAVELFORD STREETS. PHILADELPHIA, July 3, 1867. The Board of Directors have this day declared a Semi-annual Dividend of SIX PER CENT. on the capital stock, clear of all taxes, payable on and after the 10th instant. The Books for the Transfer of Stock will be closed until that date. SAMUEL P. RUHN, Treasurer. 7 10 wmsst

OFFICE OF SECOND AND THIRD STREETS PASSENGER RAILROAD COMPANY, No. 243 FIFTH STREET. PHILADELPHIA, July 10, 1867. At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Second and Third Streets Passenger Railroad Company, held on this day, a dividend of FIVE PER CENT. on the capital stock of the Company was declared, payable after the 10th instant. The Transfer books will be closed from the 12th to the 16th instant, both days inclusive. 7 11 Wmsst, MITCHELL CORNELL, Treasurer.

OFFICE OF THE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA, No. 22 WALNUT STREET. PHILADELPHIA, July 8, 1867. The Directors have this day declared a Semi-annual Dividend of SIX PER CENT. payable on demand, free of taxes. CHARLES PLATT, Secretary. 7 18 wmsst

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BEAUTIFUL HAIR—CHEVALIER'S Life for the Hair positively restores grey hair to its original color and gives it beauty, vigor, strength, and growth to the weakest hair, stops its falling out at once; keeps the head clean; is unparal- leled in its effects. Sold by all druggists, fashionable hair-dressers, and dealers in fancy goods. The trade supplied by the wholesale depots. SARAH A. CHEVALIER, D. D., New York. 6 10 wmsst

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BIERSBART'S LAST GREAT PAINTING THE DUMES OF THE GREAT YO-SEMITE, now on exhibition, DAY AND EVENING, in the Southern Gallery of the ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS. 165st

HOT FOR SMITH'S ISLAND! FRESH AIR! EXERCISE! THE BATH—ENTERTAINMENT OF THE BEST LAND. MARY LAKEMEYER respectfully informs her friends and the public generally that she will open the beautiful Island Pleasure ground known as SMITH'S ISLAND, on SUNDAY, MAY 1. She invites all to come and enjoy with her the delights of this favorite summer resort. 4 9st

No. 110 CHESTNUT STREET. E. M. NEEDLES & CO. OFFER IN HOUSE-FURNISHING DRY GOODS, ADAPTED TO THE SEASON, Summer Gause Blankets, From Goshute and Jordon, Bath and other Towels, Furnishing Linens and Drapery, Pillow and Bedding Linens, Floor and Stair Linens, Honeycomb, Alenode, AND OTHER LIGHT SPREADS, AT REDUCED PRICES. "MORIS LANGSHO DR" ON

AMERICAN CONCRETE PAINT AND ROOF COMPANY. This is a safe and metal roof, old or new, is unequalled. Roofs of every kind, old shingles included, covered or repaired thoroughly. Leaks and dampness prevented. Paint for made by the can or barrel. Business has prompt attention. No. 21 N. THIRD STREET. [7 19 st] JOSEPH LEEDS.

SUMMER RESORTS. SURF HOUSE, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. The above House was opened on the 1st of June. For particulars, etc., address WM. T. CALER PROPRIETOR, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. CAPE MAY, CAPE ISLAND, NEW JERSEY.

Since the close of 1866 much enterprise has been displayed at this celebrated sea-breeze resort. New and magnificent cottages have been erected. The Hotels have been renovated; a fine park, with a walk one mile drive, has been laid out, and the essentials of a popular summer resort, a well improved and largely patronized. The geographical position of Cape Island is understood a popular feature, when properly understood. Situated at the extreme southern portion of the State, and occupying a neck of land at the confluence of the Delaware Bay with the Atlantic Ocean, it becomes entirely surrounded by salt water, hence favored by continual breezes from the sea. The high furnishes a beautiful view of the Ocean, Delaware Bay, and picturesque back country, taking in Cape Henlopen distinctly at a distance of sixteen miles. The beach is acknowledged to surpass and other points upon the Atlantic coast, being of a compact sand, which declines so gently to the surf that even a child can bathe with security. Added to these attractions is the fact that the effect of the Gulf Stream upon this point renders the water comparatively warm—a point not to be overlooked by persons seeking health from ocean bathing. The distance from Philadelphia to Cape Island is 81 miles by rail, and about the same distance by steamer down the Bay, and by either route the facilities for travel promise to be of the most satisfactory character. The Island has Hotel and Boarding-house accommodations for about ten thousand persons. The leading Hotels are the Columbia House, with George J. Boston as proprietor; Congress Hall, with J. F. Caler as proprietor; and United States, with West and Miller as proprietors; all under the management of gentlemen who have well-established reputations as hotel men. 23 msst

EXCHANGE HOTEL, ATLANTIC CITY. The subscriber, grateful for past favors, tenders thanks to his patrons and the public for the generous custom given him, and begs leave to say that his house is now open for the season, and ready to receive boarders, permanent and transient, on the most moderate terms. The bar will always be supplied with the choicest of wines, liquors, and cigars, and superior old ale. The tables will be set with the best of the market affords. Fishing lines and tackle always on hand. Stable room on the premises. All the comforts of a home can always be found at the Exchange. GEORGE HAYDAY, 228 1msst, PROPRIETOR.

CONGRESS HALL, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., IS NOW OPEN. This House has been repaired and renovated, with all modern improvements added, and in consequence of the high tide, it has made the bathing grounds superior to any in the city, being four hundred feet nearer than last season. G. W. HINKLE, Johnston's celebrated Band is engaged. [7 21 msst]

UNITED STATES HOTEL, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., IS NOW OPEN. FOR PARTICULARS, ADDRESS BROWN & WOELFFEL, ATLANTIC CITY, Or No. 87 RICHMOND STREET, Philadelphia. 6 10 2m

MERCHANTS' HOTEL, CAPE ISLAND, N. J. This beautiful and commodious Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. It is on the main avenue to the Beach, and less than one square from the ocean. WILLIAM HASON, PROPRIETOR. 7 2

THE NATIONAL EXCURSION HOUSE, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. Is now open for permanent guests, and for the reception and entertainment of the various excursions to the Island. The only hotel in the place on the European plan, and of all the best and most varied character. CONLEY & HOUCE, Proprietors. 5 21 m

SEA BATHING—NATIONAL HALL, CAPE ISLAND, N. J.—This large and commodious Hotel, known as the National Hall, is now receiving visitors. Terms moderate. Children and servants half price. ABBON GARRETON, Proprietor. 6 12 m

COUNTRY BOARD.—A FEW PERSONS CAN be accommodated with good board and nice airy rooms, near Fairview, Chester county, ten minutes ride from Railroad Station. For particulars address F. M. KATZ, Fairview, Chester county, Pa. 7 30 4st. Or, No. 716 N. SIXTH STREET, Phila.

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